



Home Schooling Daily Plan

Year Group: 6

Date: Tuesday 02.06.20

Today we continue to explore the Feast of Pentecost, delve into the opening of our book Skellig, continue looking at the physical features of the British Isles and consolidate our understanding of the relationship between fraction, decimals and percentages.

If you have any other problems, queries or questions relating to home schooling or school itself then please contact me via this email address:

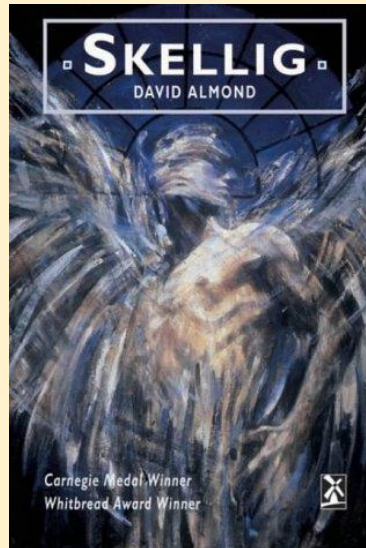
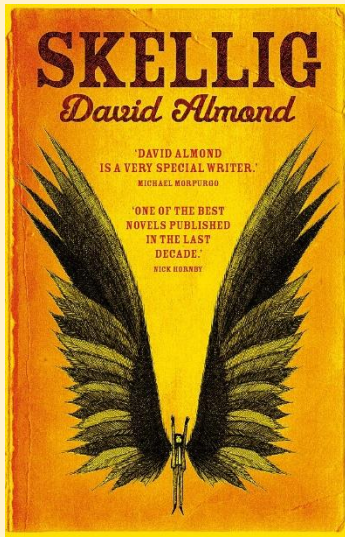
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Pentecost & Mission



RE WAGBAT: exploring what 'mission' might mean to different people

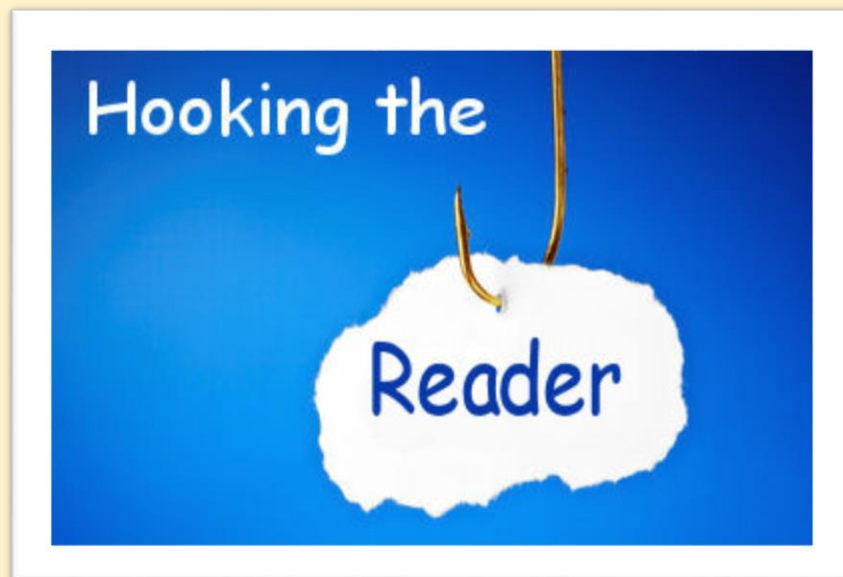
*Task	**Task	***Task
Watch the video below: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxLnfxmZtZw Which ideas about 'mission' are most important? Or are all equal? Explain your reasoning.	Watch the video below: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxLnfxmZtZw Which ideas about 'mission' are most important? Or are all equal? Can you think of any other examples of 'mission' particularly in recent times and circumstances?	Watch the video below: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xxLnfxmZtZw Which ideas about 'mission' are most important? Or are all equal? Can you think of any other examples of 'mission' particularly in recent times and circumstances? Is taking on a 'Christian' mission an easy choice?



English WAGBAT: Identifying how to use literary devices to grab a reader's attention

When a writer starts a novel he or she gives the reader clues about what the story will be about. They do this because they have to grab a reader's attention. They can do this in different ways. They can:

- Use language in an interesting and unusual way.
- Mention people who will play a major part in the story without explaining everything about them (withholding information).
- Mention events without explaining everything about them (withholding information).





Hooking the Reader

Chapter 1

Complete the table with quotations that show how the writer hooks the reader by creating suspense in the first chapter. Explain in the right hand column how these quotations engage the reader, as shown in the example. Three quotations have been provided to help you with the task.

Quotation	How the reader is hooked...
"I found him in the garage on a Sunday afternoon"	The writer encourages the reader to ask themselves who was found and why was this creature in the garage. This puzzling sentence interests the reader from the beginning.
"Nobody else was there. Just me"	
"The others were inside the house with Doctor Death".	

*Task	**Task	***Task
Read the first chapter of Skellig. You will find it at the end of this document.	Read the first chapter of Skellig. You will find it at the end of this document.	Read the first chapter of Skellig. You will find it at the end of this document.
Highlight on the text all the words and phrases that help you predict what the story will be about.	Highlight on the text all the words and phrases that help you predict what the story will be about.	Highlight on the text all the words and phrases that help you predict what the story will be about.
	Using a table similar to the one above try to identify as many different features from the chapter as possible that make you want to read more.	Using a table similar to the one above try to identify as many different features from the chapter as possible that make you want to read more.
		What one is the most effective? Can you explain why?



Maths WAGBAT: identifying equivalent fractions, decimals and percentages

Start by watching the video for Week 6, Lesson 2: [Equivalent FDP](#) by following this link:

<https://resources.whiterosemaths.com/resources/year-6/> Click on Week 6 and then the 'Video' tab or follow this link:

<https://vimeo.com/420690973>

Equivalent FDP

Let's recap...

$\frac{1}{100} = 0.01$ = one hundredth

$\frac{10}{100} = 0.1$ = ten hundredths

$\frac{1}{10} = 0.1$ = one tenth

$\frac{1}{2} = \frac{50}{100} = 50\%$

Year 6	
Summer Term Week 6 (w/c 1 June)	
Lesson 1	
Fractions to percentages	https://vimeo.com/420690848
Lesson 2	
Equivalent FDP	https://vimeo.com/420690973
Lesson 3	
Order FDP	https://vimeo.com/420691109
Lesson 4	
Percentage of an amount	https://vimeo.com/420691195

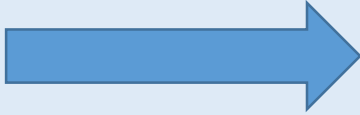
Answers to previous questions can also be found at this link.

The video is really useful to help you understand the work coming up. The video will take you through some sample questions and explain the concept of ratio clearly and simply. You only need to do the questions I have listed in your group task. However, if you wish to do more that would be great.



When you finish here's a challenge here to really test you!

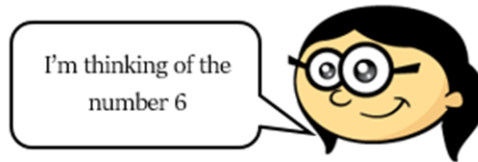
Challenge



1 What are the missing digits?

$$\begin{array}{|c|c|} \hline 3 & \square \\ \hline \end{array} + \begin{array}{|c|c|} \hline \square & 5 \\ \hline \end{array} = \begin{array}{|c|c|c|} \hline \square & \square & \square \\ \hline \end{array}$$

2 Annie and Ron each think of a number.



The product of their numbers is 762

Work out Ron's number.

Here is a game you could play:

https://static.purplemash.com/mashcontent/applications/lessonplans/info/printables_maths_fractions_percentages_dominoes.pdf

*Task	**Task	***Task
Follow this link to get today's activity: https://resources.whiterosemaths.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/05/Lesson-2-Equivalent-FDP-2019.pdf Complete questions 1-4	Follow this link to get today's activity: https://resources.whiterosemaths.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/05/Lesson-2-Equivalent-FDP-2019.pdf Complete questions 1-5	Follow this link to get today's activity: https://resources.whiterosemaths.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/05/Lesson-2-Equivalent-FDP-2019.pdf Complete questions 2-7



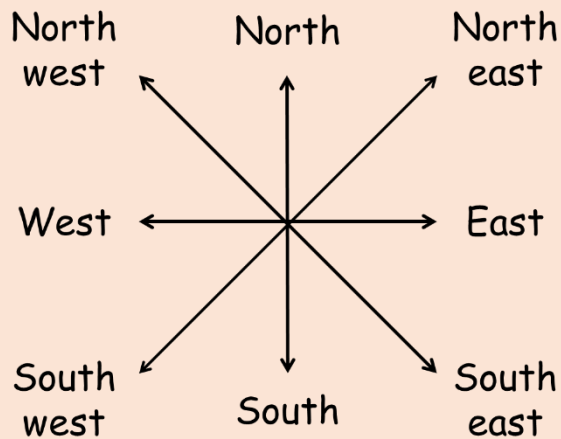
Topic WAGBAT: Identifying counties of England and using compass points to locate them





- 1) Norfolk is north of _____.
- 2) Herefordshire is west of _____.
- 3) Buckinghamshire is east of _____.
- 4) Hampshire is south of _____.
- 5) Merseyside is bordered by _____, _____ and _____.
- 6) Essex is _____ of Hertfordshire.
- 7) Berkshire is _____ of Greater London.
- 8) East Riding of Yorkshire is _____ of Lincolnshire
- 9) Wiltshire is _____ of Gloucestershire.
- 10) The most south-western county is _____.
- 11) The most south-eastern county is _____.
- 12) _____ is bordered by East Sussex, Surrey and Hampshire.
- 13) West Yorkshire is south-west of _____.
- 14) Surrey is north-east of _____.
- 15) Somerset is north-west of _____.
- 16) The counties that border Scotland are _____ and _____.
- 17) The counties that border Wales are _____, _____, _____ and _____.

8 Compass Points





*Task	**Task	***Task
<p>Using the county map of England and the compass points complete the missing word questions above.</p>	<p>Using the county map of England and the compass points complete the missing word questions above.</p> <p>Create a statement that relates to the position of Dorset in relation to another county.</p>	<p>Using the county map of England and the compass points complete the missing word questions above.</p> <p>Create a statement that relates to the position of Dorset in relation to another county.</p> <p>Create some of your own questions that are in a similar style to those above.</p>

Starting a Novel



Skellig Chapter 1

Highlight on the text all the words and phrases that help you predict what the story will be about.

I found him in the garage on a Sunday afternoon. It was the day after we moved into Falconer Road. The winter was ending. Mum had said we'd be moving just in time for the spring. Nobody else was there. Just me. The others were inside the house with Doctor Death, worrying about the baby.

He was lying there in the darkness behind the tea chests, in the dust and dirt. It was as if he'd been there forever. He was filthy and pale and dried out and I thought he was dead. I couldn't have been more wrong. I'd soon begin to see the truth about him, that there'd never been another creature like him in the world.

We called it the garage because that's what the estate agent, Mr Stone, called it. It was more like demolition site or a rubbish dump or like one of those ancient warehouses they keep pulling down at the quay. Stone led us down the garden, tugged the door open and shone his little torch into the gloom. We shoved our heads in at the doorway with him.

"You have to see it with your mind's eye," he said. "See it cleaned, with new doors and the roof repaired. See it as a wonderful two-car garage."

He looked at me with a stupid grin on his face.

"Or something for you, lad – a hideaway for you and your mates. What about that, eh?"

I looked away. I didn't want anything to do with him. All the way round the house it had been the same. Just see it in your mind's eye. Just imagine what could be done. All the way round I kept thinking of the old man, Ernie Myers, that had lived here on his own for years. He'd been dead nearly a week before they found him under the table in the kitchen. That's what I saw when Stone told us about seeing with the mind's eye. He even said it when we got to the dining room and there was an old cracked toilet sitting there in the corner behind a plywood screen. I just wanted him to shut up, but he whispered that towards the end Ernie couldn't manage the stairs. His bed was brought in here and a toilet was put in so everything was easy for him. Stone looked at me like he didn't think I should know about such things. I wanted to get out, to get back to our old house again, but Mum and Dad took it all in. They went on like it was going to be some big adventure. They bought the house. They started cleaning it and scrubbing it and painting it. Then the baby came too early. And here we were.



When you have read chapter 1 and completed the assigned work read the next 3 chapters below.

two

I nearly got into the garage that Sunday morning. I took my own torch and shone it in. The outside doors to the back lane must have fallen off years ago and there were dozens of massive planks nailed across the entrance. The timbers holding the roof were rotten and the roof was sagging in. The bits of the floor you could see between the rubbish was full of cracks and holes. The people that took the rubbish out of the house were supposed to take it out of the garage as well, but they took one look at the place and said they wouldn't go in it even for danger money.

There were old chests of drawers and broken wash-basins and bags of cement, ancient doors leaning against the walls, deck chairs with the cloth seats rotted away. Great rolls of rope and cable hung from nails. Heaps of water pipes and great boxes of rusty nails were scattered on the floor. Everything was covered in dust and spiders' webs. There was mortar that had fallen from the walls. There was a little window in one of the walls but it was filthy and there were rolls of cracked lino standing in front of it. The place stank of rot and dust. even the bricks were crumbling like they couldn't bear the weight any more. It was like the whole thing was sick of itself and would collapse in a heap and have to get bulldozed away.

I heard something scratching in one of the corners, and something scuttling about, then it all

stopped and it was just dead quiet in there.

I stood daring myself to go in.

I was just going to slip inside when I heard mum shouting at me.

"Michael! what you doing?" She was at the back door. "Didn't we tell you to wait till we're

sure it's safe?"

I stepped back and looked at her.

"Well, didn't we?" she shouted.

"Yes," I said.

"So keep out! all right?" I shoved the door and it lurched half-shut on its single hinge.

"All right?" she yelled.

"All right." I said. "Yes. all right. All right."

"Do you not think we've got more to worry about than stupid you getting crushed in a stupid

garage?"

"Yes."

"You just keep out, then! right?"



"Right. right, right, right."

Then I went back into the wilderness we called a garden and she went back to the flaming baby.

three

The garden was another place that was supposed to be wonderful. There were going to be benches and a table and a swing. There were going to be goalposts painted on one of the walls by the house. There was going to be a pond with fish and frogs in it. But there was none of that. There were just nettles and thistles and weeds and half-bricks and lumps of stone. I stood there kicking the heads off a million dandelions.

After a while, mum shouted was I coming in for lunch and I said no, I was staying out in the garden. She brought me a sandwich and a can of coke.

"Sorry it's all so rotten and we're all in such rotten moods," she said. She touched my arm.

"You understand, though. don't you, Michael? Don't you?"

I shrugged.

"Yes," I said.

She touched me again and sighed.

"It'll be great again when everything's sorted out," she said.

I sat on a pile of bricks against the house wall. I ate the sandwich and drank the coke. I thought of Random Road where we'd come from, and all my old mates like Leakey and Coot. They'd be up on the top field now, playing a match that'd last all day.

Then I heard the doorbell ringing, and heard Doctor Death coming in. I called him Doctor

Death because his face was grey and there were black spots on his hands and he didn't know how to smile. I'd seen him lighting up a fag in his car one day as he drove away from our door. They told me to call him Doctor Dan, and I did when I had to speak to him, but inside he was Doctor Death to me, and it fitted him much better.

I finished the coke, waited a minute, then I went down to the garage again. I didn't have time to dare myself or to stand there listening to the scratching.

I switched the torch on, took a deep breath, and tiptoed straight inside. Something little and black scuttled across the floor. The door creaked and cracked for a moment before it was still. Dust poured through the torch beam.

Something scratched and scratched in a corner. I tiptoed further in and felt spider webs breaking on my brow. Everything was



packed in tight--ancient furniture, kitchen units, rolled-up carpets, pipes and crates and planks.

I kept ducking down under the hose- pipes and ropes and kitbags that hung from the roof. More cobwebs snapped on my clothes and skin. The floor was broken and crumbly. I opened a cupboard an inch, shone the torch in and saw a million woodlice scattering away.

I peered down into a great stone jar and saw the bones of some little animal that had died in there. dead bluebottles were everywhere. There were ancient newspapers and magazines. I shone the torch on to one and saw that it came from nearly fifty years ago.

I moved so carefully. I was scared every moment that the whole thing was going to collapse. There was dust clogging my throat and nose. I knew they'd be yelling for me soon and I knew I'd better get out. I leaned across a heap of tea chests and shone the torch into the space behind and that's when I saw him.

I thought he was dead. He was sitting with his legs stretched out, and his head tipped back against the wall. He was covered in dust and webs like everything else and his face was thin and pale. Dead bluebottles were scattered on his hair and shoulders. I shone the torch on his white face and his black suit.

"What do you want?" he said.

He opened his eyes and looked up at me. His voice squeaked like he hadn't used it in

years.

"What do you want?"

My heart thudded and thundered.

"I said, what do you want?"

Then I heard them yelling for me from the house.

"Michael! Michael! Michael!"

I shuffled out again. I backed out through the door. It was dad. he came down the path to me.

"Didn't we tell you--" he started.

"Yes," I said. "yes. yes."

I started to brush the dust off myself. a spider dropped away from my chin on a long string. He put his arm around me.

"It's for your own good," he said. He picked a dead bluebottle out of my hair. He thumped the side of the garage and the whole thing shuddered.

"See?" he said. "Imagine what might happen."

I grabbed his arm to stop him thumping it again.

"Don't," I said. "It's all right. I understand."



He squeezed my shoulder and said everything would be better soon. He laughed.

"Get all that dust off before your mother sees, eh?"

four

I hardly slept that night. every time I did drop off I saw him coming out of the garage door and coming through the wilderness to the house. I saw him in my bedroom. I saw him come right to the bed. He stood there all dusty and white with the dead bluebottles all over him.

"What do you want?" he whispered. "I said, what do you want?"

I told myself I was stupid. I'd never seen him at all. That had all been part of a dream as well. I lay there in the dark. I heard dad snoring and when I listened hard I could hear the baby breathing. her breathing was cracked and hissy. In the middle of the night when it was pitch black I dropped off again but she started bawling. I heard mum getting up to feed her.

I heard mum's voice cooing and comforting. Then there was just silence again, and dad snoring again. I listened hard for the baby again and I couldn't hear her.

it was already getting light when I got up and tiptoed into their room. her cot was beside their bed. They were lying fast asleep with their arms around each other. I looked down at the baby. I slipped my hand under the covers and touched her. I could feel her heart beating fast. I could feel the thin rattle of her breath, and her chest rising and falling. I felt how hot it was in there, how soft her bones were, how tiny she was.

There was a dribble of spit and milk on her neck. I wondered if she was going to die. they'd been scared about that in the hospital. Before they let her come home she'd been in a glass case with tubes and wires sticking in her and we'd stood around staring in like she was in a fish tank.

I took my hand away and tucked the covers around her again. Her face was dead white and her hair was dead black. They'd told me I had to keep praying for her but I didn't know what to pray.

"Hurry up and get strong if you're going to," I whispered.

Mum half woke up and saw me there.

"What d'you want, love?" she whispered. She stretched her hand out of the bed towards me.

"Nothing," I whispered, and tiptoed back to my room. I looked down into the wilderness. there was a blackbird singing away on the garage roof. I thought of him lying behind the tea chests with the cobwebs in his hair. What was he doing there?